

Smoldering

by cocousagi

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Summary: "Selfish. Greedy. Possessive. How can I not be like that around you? If anything, it's your fault for doing this. But...I-"  
"Love you for it." Kuroo Tetsuro x OC

## 1. Warm

A tall, lean girl quietly walked through the hallways of Nekoma High. Her footsteps was the only sound that followed her down the hallway, stopping once she stood before a sliding door that led into the classroom with the placard that read '2-2' to the right of the door. She glanced down at the small sheet of paper she held in her hand before looking back up at the placard. Her pale green eyes were fixed on the placard, reading and re-reading it, comparing it to the scribbles on the sheet of paper she held, ensuring that this was the correct classroom.

How embarrassing would it be to walk into the wrong classroom as a new student, especially on the second week of school?

She pulled the tan strap of her school bag higher onto her right shoulder before stuffing the small square sheet into one of it's outside pockets. She pulled the mass of her shoulder length dull blond hair towards her left shoulder, taking a silent deep breath as her tan, right hand reached out to slide the door open.

Her fingers nimbly hooked into the handle of the sliding door before her ears caught onto a prominent male voice that escaped the classroom. She leaned her ear towards the door, her bangs shifting in front of her eyes.

"...I want you all to be respectful and welcoming to the new student we're expecting today. We'll wait to begin class until she arrives," was all she caught onto.

\_At least I know this is the classroom. \_She thought to herself, waiting to see if the voice had much else to say.

After a few moments of silence, she straightened up to her height, and tucked stray strands of sandy colored hair behind her right ear. Her eyes scanned down from her maroon colored bow tie, to her navy blue skirt and matching knee high socks to her dark brown boots and it's loosely tied shoelaces.

Her right hand reached out once more, hooking into the handle of the shoji doors just moments before sliding it open slowly, just enough for her to slip into the classroom. She turned around to face the door, without making any eye contact with the gazes that were now set on her, sliding it shut silently.

She turned around and bowed slightly, "Excuse me," she greeted before leaning back up, her gaze set on the teacher who stood at the podium at the front of the classroom. Her voice was smooth, and carried an air of relaxation with it that played in harmony with her appearance.

"Ah, there you are," he replied, walking up to her. He had a kind smile on his middle aged face, putting the girl at ease just slightly. "You sure are tall," she chuckled out, his eyes on the same level with hers. "Do you play any sports?"

"No," she replied, her head shaking slightly in harmony with her answer. She could feel as her cheeks warmed up, no doubt showing a light blush that she had done so well to ward off. "Not anymore at least."

"Ah, that's a shame. Well, we have been waiting for you. If you can, please introduce yourself before you take your seat." He added, his right hand pointing out to the classroom, who's students' eyes were trained directly on the girl who stood at the front of the class.

"I'm sorry for making you wait, Sensei." the girl responded in an aloof tone. She turned to face the class and bowed once again. "My name is Hanae Kai. I am originally from Abuta, Hokkaido," she began, looking at no one in particular. She could feel the gazes locked onto her, drilling small, invisible holes into her. Even for her, this unwanted attention made her feel awkward. Her cheeks warmed up even more. "Let's have a good year together," she concluded with a small, forced smile.

She looked over her right shoulder at the teacher, silently questioning if that was enough.

"We usually add a little fact for everyone to know, you can if you're comfortable," he explained, his smile remaining on his lips.

"Oh," Hanae responded, looking back at the class, she took a moment to think. "My parents opened a new restaurant not too far from here. The food is pretty nice if that means anything." she advertised shamelessly.

Small chuckles came from around the classroom, relieving the small trace of tension that hung in the atmosphere.

"Good, you can take your seat there, Kai-chan." the teacher said, his hand pointing at the empty seat that sat in the middle of the classroom.

Hanae nodded her head silently before making her way through the row that led to her new seat. The faces she passed were all a blur, her mind automatically blocking out their insistent, stares although they weren't as intense as they were just a few moments before.

She silently took her seat, hooking the straps of her bag on the metal hook on the right side of the desk. She shook her head lightly, ruffling her blond hair, before she pulled it's mass to her left shoulder.

Her pierced ears caught onto the lesson that her Sensei had already began, not wasting a moment. She took out a notebook and pencil and began writing.

She slowly felt the gazes and stares die off as every began to follow the lesson before them, all but the one that came directly behind her.

She ignored it, focusing her eyes on the trees that swayed peacefully outside. She leaned her head into the palm of her right hand, the words of the lesson drifting right passed her.

\_Four more hours until I can get out there. \_She thought to herself, as her left hand played around with her silver, mechanic pencil. \_Not that there's anything to look forward to out there, in the city.

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## 2. Smoke

After what seemed to be an eternity, the bell chimed, signaling the beginning of the lunch hour.

Hanae let out a silent sigh as she stretched her arms out before her. For a moment, her pale green eyes watched as the students around her rose from their seats to go meet and chat with their friends.

"Welcome to Nekoma," a girl greeted to her right, a smile gracing her lips.

Hanae nodded, forcing the same smile she had while introducing herself to form on her lips again. "Thank you," she replied.

Her eyes watched as the girl smiled larger before turning around to greet her friends, eventually leaving the classroom with two other people. Hanae's eyes looked back down at her desk, locking onto her open notebook that sat before her. She grabbed and closed the peach colored notebook before slipping it into her school bag, tossing her pencil in with it. She pulled out a small, beige colored bento box and placed it on the top of her wooden desk, placing her chopsticks beside it.

"Thank you for the food," she whispered almost silently as she placed her hands together for a brief moment.

Her nimble fingers lifted the cover of the bento box, revealing cooling white rice, tamagoyaki, pickled veggies and broiled salmon. Her keen nose twitched in delight as the smell and aroma hit her senses.

The scraping of a moving chair on the ground below her caught her attention. She looked over her left shoulder as a figure came into her line of sight. She cocked her head up to catch a glimpse of the boy who was now looking down at her. Feline like eyes caught onto hers, keeping their gazes locked for a few silent moments.

Hanae's eyes caught onto the movement of his long, muscular arm as it shot out towards her desk.

"This looks good," he commented, picking up one of her 4 rolled omelettes. He threw the yellow roll into his mouth before closing it, chewing the cooked egg. "Ahh~ it is good," he mused as he pulled the chair from under the desk before Hanae's, plopping down into it, his legs straddling each side. "Is it from your parents restaurant?"

Hanae took in the clear and near image of him. His thin, cat like eyes, the smirk that his lips were pulled back in, and the obvious bedhead that sat on top of his cranium. Her dirty blond eyebrow rose in curiosity. She looked back down at her bento while reaching for her chopsticks that laid forgotten beside it.

"No, I made those myself," she finally answered, popping the chopsticks apart. Her green eyes flashed back up only to meet the dark ones of the boy that sat before her, his smirk still sitting comfortably on his lips. "Is there something you want?" She questioned, looking back down to pick up one of the three remaining mini omelettes.

"Not really," the boy replied. She could hear his smirk flowing through his words. He leaned his head onto the back of the chair, watching Hanae as she chewed the piece of omelette that she bit off. "Just wanted to make the new girl feel welcome~"

His voice was smooth but had a ring of mischievousness to it.

"My name is Tetsuro, Kuroo," he added, as Hanae chewed another piece of food from her bento box.

"It's nice to meet you," Hanae replied, looking back up at the boy. She shot another feigned smile at him before looking back down at her food.

"No need to try and fool me with those," Kuroo smirked, his hand raising to brush his charcoal black hair back, just to have it pop back up again. "I've seen plenty of fake smiles, and that's definitely one of them."

Her eyebrow rose again. She let out a small chuckle. "Sorry," she responded with just a hint of sarcasm.

"Don't mind, we all have our reasons for doing things." Hanae nodded in agreement. She of all people knew how true that statement was.

"In that case, what's your \_actual\_ reason in coming to talk to me?" She asked, a mischievous smirk of her own gracing her rosy lips.

Kuroo scoffed. "I wasn't lying about what I said before. I wanted to welcome you, is all." He responded, his shoulders shrugging.

"Well thank you," Hanae expressed genuinely.

Kuroo simply nodded in response. He quickly glanced the surface of her desk before swinging his leg over the chair, standing to his full height. Hanae looked up at him questioningly, her head tilted to the side just slightly.

"Don't worry, I'm not bailing on you just yet," Kuroo teased, "I'll be right back," he explained before disappearing behind him, his footsteps becoming quieter and quieter until he finally exited the classroom.

Hanae took a moment to take in her surroundings once again before continuing to eat her food. The classroom had a subtle, quiet roar of chattering from the groups of friends that huddled together. The blonde headed girl sat in the middle of the classroom, the only thing keeping her company being Kuroo's promise of return.

She ate until only half of her meal was left, save for none of the rolled omelettes remaining. As she was placing the lid of her bento box back into place, a can of soda was placed onto her desk, the metallic sound reaching her ears instantly. She looked up at the figure that was one again standing at her side.

Kuroo smirked down at her before reclaiming his seat before her.

Hanae reached over for the can he left on her desk, its design similar to the one he held in his hands. She opened her mouth to say something but Kuroo beat her to it.

"You don't have anything to drink, right? 'ts for you," he said leisurely, as he cracked his open, taking a swig of it.

Hanae smiled lightly, cracking the cold drink open. "Thank you, Tetsuro-kun," she uttered before taking a sip of the carbonated drink.

"Tetsuro is fine," he corrected, "Consider it as your welcoming gift." His lips pulled back into a smile that had a stark resemblance to the smirk he wore earlier.

"Tetsuro," she corrected, dropping the honorific. She looked over her left shoulder, back at the black haired boy's desk, before looking back at him, her gaze immediately locking onto his. "You're not eating?"

He shrugged, taking another drink. "I don't feel like spending the money on a lunch today," he explained.

Without a moment of hesitation, Hanae lifted the top of her bento box before pushing it in Kuroo's direction. He put his can onto the corner of her desk, "You don't want it?"

"I'm full," she replied, "consider it as my thank you to your welcoming gift," she added, playing on the words he uttered to her earlier.

He laughed, taking the bento with both hands. "Thanks~" he mused, picking up the chopsticks that laid on the desk. He paused, "You're not sick or anything, right?"

Hanae rose her hands to her chest, "Not that I know of," she said jokingly.

Kuroo shook his head, his lips pulling back into smirk as he used the chopstick to pick up a piece of steamed broccoli. He slyly watched as Hanae took a few more drinks from the can he gifted her. Surprisingly, he felt soothingly comfortable with her, as if they had done this countless of times.

He didn't mind the feeling.

"It's comfortable to be around you, even though you don't talk much," Kuroo commented. Hanae's eyes were pulled away from gazing out the window to look on the boy who happily munched away on the contents of her bento box.

"I don't?" she asked, feigning the hurt tone that carried through her voice.

"You haven't even told me what I'm allowed to call you," he pointed out, "It's fine though. Most girls here freak out if you simply greet them," he confessed, placing the now empty bento back onto her desk. "Thank you for the food," he murmured, forgetting to do so before he began eating.

"Hanae is fine," she answered, placing the top back onto her bento before slipping it into her bag.

"Let's start off with Hanae-chan for now," Kuroo suggested, "Your not very shy are you?"

"There's no need to be," she riposted, her green eyes piercing into his onyx ones.

"Unless someone's pointing out your height?" He teased, referring to the light blush she had earlier while introducing herself. "I didn't miss it."

She shrugged her shoulders. "It's obvious, and yet people feel the need to point it out."

Kuroo leaned forward, resting his head in the palm of his hand. He leaned over to the right, taking a glance at her legs before straightening back up. "It fits you." he stated. "And you said you don't play any sports?" he questioned, reaching for his drink before bringing it to his lips.

"...Thanks," she responded. "And, no, not anymore."

"Which sport?" he questioned, watching as her thin fingers reached into her school bag and pulled out a small, coral colored bag. She

placed it on her desk before looking back up at him.

"Volleyball," she responded, "How much time do we have left?" She asked, before Kuroo could ask anything further.

He pulled out his cell phone from his pocket and flipped it open. "About 15 minutes," he answered, snapping the device shut, "Why'd you stop-"

He was interrupted by Hanae's sudden movement of rising from her seat. He looked up at her as she picked up the bag from her desk.

"Sorry, Tetsuro," she voiced, "I have to do something before class starts," she explained before slipping between her desk and chair and out the classroom, passing a few glances from girls and boys alike.

Kuroo sat there, taking a few silent moments to put two and two together. \_It must be a girl\_ \_thing.\_ He thought to himself before following suit as he rose from his seat, taking the two cans and walking them to the disposal at the door before leaving the classroom.

He silently sauntered through the hallways, making his way to where he would usually spend his lunches when he wanted to be alone. He reached a case of solemn stairs and climbed them, leading to the door with the words "ROOFTOP - RESTRICTED ACCESS" scripted on a sign that hung on it. He glanced behind him before completely disregarding the sign, pushing the door opening to be met with the spring sunlight that danced outside.

He quietly slipped through the door, and held it until it silently shut before walking around the corner. His eyes immediately caught onto the tall, female figure before him. The girl's blond hair blew gently in the light breeze that blew around them. A puff of smoke billowed around her, as her hand left her mouth, a cigarette held delicately between two of her fingers.

"Hanae-chan?" He called out. Hanae finally realized his presence and looked over her shoulder back at him, another wave of smoke leaving her lips. She turned back around, looking over the intricate skyline of Tokyo. "You smoke?" Kuroo questioned, taking a few steps forward until he was just a few inches behind her. He watched as her head dipped down, her hand disappearing in front of her face.

"It's a bad habit, I know," she replied, releasing another wave of smoke before crouching down to put the bud out. She stood back to her full height, turning to face the boy who managed to look down on her. "Something I picked up last year back home," she added, a sad chuckle leaving her lips, her eyes observing his face.

"It's bad for you, y'know." He advised, watching her face and its expressions closely.

She looked over his shoulder, at the skyline that seemed to surround the school. "I know," she responded quietly.

She and Kuroo stood there silently for moments on end. He watched as she awkwardly fidgeted under his gaze, her hand rising to tuck her

hair behind her ear, revealing the two piercing that lined the tan, outer shell of her ear. He watched as, for the first time, she avoided his gaze. He could sense that it was a habit that she herself didn't like, but couldn't seem to give up.

He understood, he knew. He was there before.

"I haven't always been such a good person," She confessed, "A few of those bad habits kept with me, I guess." she chuckled.

"You don't have to prove or explain anything to me. We have our reasons for everything, right?" He responded, just as the bell chimed, signaling the end of the lunch hour. "Just know that it's hurting you," he added before turning to head back to class.

Hanae stood there, as she heard the door that lead to the rooftop squeal shut. "I know," she mumbled to herself before picking up the coral bag from the floor, kicking the cigarette bud that laid on the ground over the edge of the building.

She finally following in Kuroo's footsteps, making her way back to class. Kuroo's smirkless expression plagued her mind as she walked down the stairs, back into the hallway that led to class. In just those few moments of speaking to him, she knew it wasn't normal for him to be vacant of one.

She should have been concerned, as anyone would be. But she wasn't, because she was-

"Selfish," she mouthed to herself as she stepped into the classroom. So, incredibly selfish, that she didn't even care about her own well being.

We all have our reasons, right?

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><p><strong>AN:<strong> I'm so sorry. I love reading long chapters, but I'm not sure if everyone feels the same. T-T  
>If it honestly bothers you, just tell me and I'll make all the remaining chapters a normal length. Anyways! Thank you for sticking it through the chapter, I hope you enjoyed it.<br>Until next time~

End  
file.